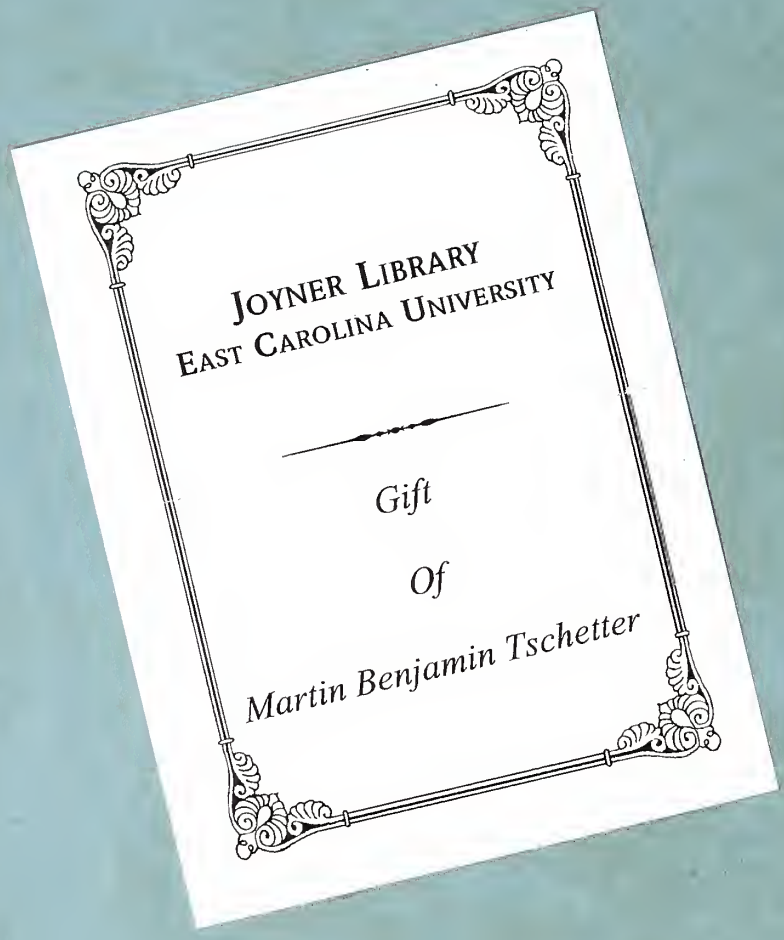
THE Tau

1919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THE TAU

NINETEEN-NINETEEN

PUBLISHED BY THE

GREENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

EDITORIAL STAFF

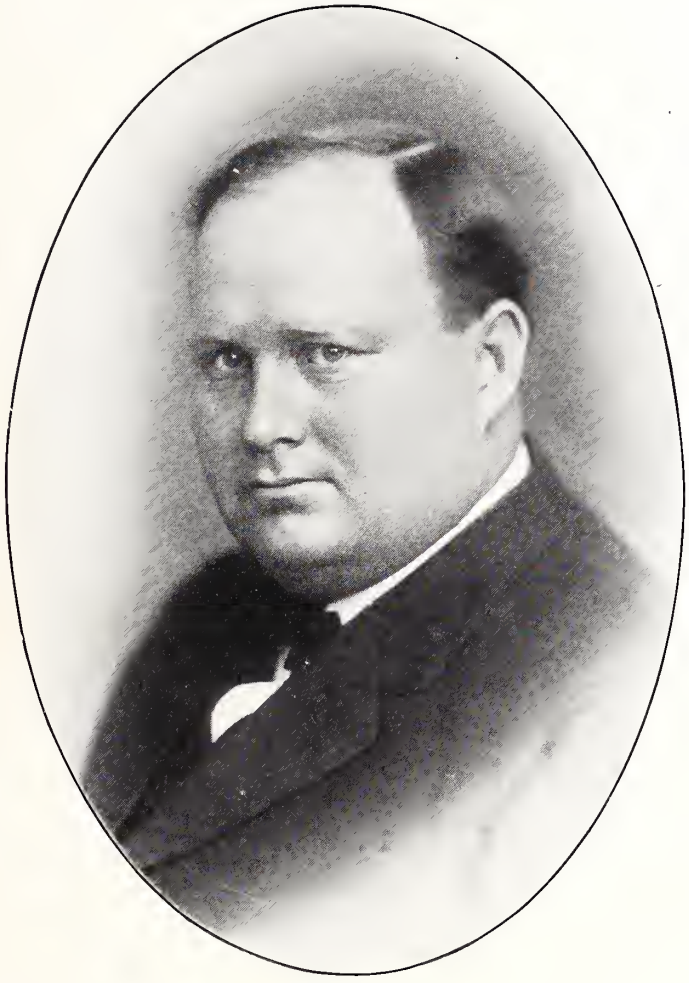
Dink James; Roy Corbitt, Business Manager; Edward Harris, Editor-in-Chief; William Tyson; Elizabeth Gaskins; Bessie Brown.

WARNING!

FRANKLY, this is the propaganda number of The Tau. Since we who attend Greenville High School are convinced of the wisdom of our choice, we, American-like, wish to convince others. Therefore, altho the first effort of the editors, as usual, has been toward amusement and interest, there has also been a certain striving for an argument of the true value of Greenville High School. So do not stop with a cursory glance at the pictures. "From cover to cover" is the only way to appreciate any book.

The Editors.

GREENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

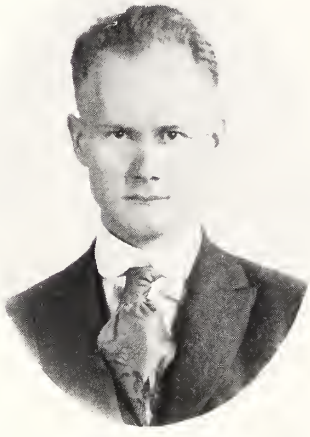


H. G. Swanson
Superintendent Greenville Graded Schools

THE FACULTY

Miss Audrey McLeod
Principal and Teacher of English

Miss Florence Martin
Science



E. L. Veazey
English and Mathematics

Miss Clara Carroll
Domestic Science

Miss Carey Jeter
Arithmetic

Miss Vera Idol
Latin

Miss Lucile McLeod
Drawing

Miss Marjorie McMurray
History

Miss Elsie Pugh
Piano

Miss Corinna Mial
French and Mathematics

Miss Fannie Spain
Piano and Voice

Maridonna Swanson
Sponsor Senior Class

SENIORS

WHO likes the appellation Cheshire cat? Well, I don't think that anyone does. But sometimes a person has to accept a name when it is bestowed upon him by his superiors. After thinking the matter over carefully, we have decided that probably this was meant as a compliment to us. Cheshire cat sounds as if it would be very humiliating, but when you come to know the cat you will find that it isn't so bad after all. The cat is the first cousin to the king of animals, so we must have some of the royal blood within us. As he inherited many of the traits of his ancestors, we must be very kingly, which may be why we received such a distinguished name. Being a cousin of the royal family, surely we can enjoy the best at the royal court. We have kept this in mind and have tried to enjoy the royal feasts this year in the name of the class of '19.

Colors: Black and Gold

Motto: B^2

EVA HODGES *President*	EDWARD HARRIS *Vice-President*	ROY CORBITT *Secretary and Treasurer*
HENNIE LONG *Prophet*	LINDA WARREN *Historian*	ANNIE BET SMITH *Attorney*

RUTH ANDREWS

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

VIRGINIA ARTHUR

"I loathe that low vice—curiosity!"

GLADYS BAGWELL

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

BESSIE BROWN

"My heart has learned to glow
For other's good, and melt at other's woe."

Fannie Bet Brown

"Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches."

Helen Brown

"How pretty
Her blushing (is), now she (blushes) again."

Roy Corbitt

"He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes my own ugly."

Bruce Exum

"Plain without pomp, and rich without a show."

LENA HUMBER

"Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives."

EDWARD HARRIS

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consum'd the midnight oil?"

EVA HODGES

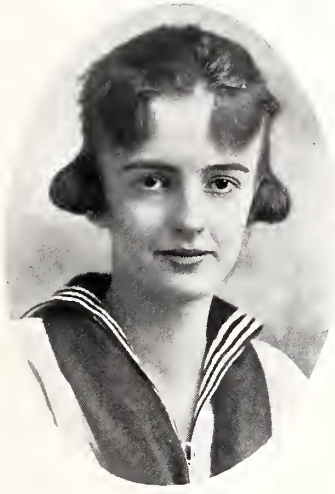
"And her face (is) so fair,
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose leaves with the air."

EMILY LANGLEY

"Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give."

LILLIAN JONES

"Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to live or die."



Hennie Long

"Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise."

Mary Perkins Norman

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

Annie Bet Smith

"Talk to (her) of Jacob's ladder, and (she) would ask
the number of steps."

Linda Warren

"A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest petals yet unfolded."

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA)
COUNTY OF PITT)

We, the Senior Class of the Greenville High School, of the aforesaid county and State, being of sound mind, but considering the departure of our high school days, do make and declare this our last will and testament:

First. Our executor, hereinafter named, shall collect all owing to our estate and pay all which our estate owes.

Second. We do bequeath and give to the anxious Juniors the use of the room and also the Senior privileges.

Third. To the Sophomores we leave our deepest sympathy for them in keeping up with the gallant victories of Cæsar, and we hope that they will be able to use their knowledge of Science to the extent of solving their Algebra problems.

Fourth. To the expectant and ambitious Freshmen we bequeath our united class spirit. May the class be strong in everything that will make a bigger and better High School.

Fifth. To the teachers we leave our deepest appreciation for their never tiring efforts, and we hope that their future will bring even greater blessings than the past.

Sixth. To Mr. Swanson, our noble and inspiring Superintendent, we leave our desire that he be graciously fed by the future Senior cooking classes in order to keep up our reputation. We also leave him our lingering threads of love and friendship.

Seventh. (*a*) To Miss Audrey McLeod we leave a "Sledge"-hammer just large enough to rule her wayward pupils with.

(*b*) To Miss McMurry we bequeath a "Green" chauffeur, that she may teach him better.

(*c*) To Miss Mial we leave the hope that she will have a brighter class next year in Geometry than we were.

(*d*) To Miss Carroll we leave all the returned soldiers, so there will be no more wars.

(*e*) To Miss Martin we leave a bow and a pack of arrows so that she may "Pierce" all the hearts that she may see.

(*f*) To Mr. Veazey we give our fondest hopes of his learning to cook.

(*g*) To Miss Pugh, we leave a cozy little yellow bungalow with the Firefly (a red roadster) at its door.

(*h*) To Miss Pearsall we leave the desire that she be able to keep everything that is "her'n."

(*i*) To Miss Spain we leave the hope that she may hold the art of infatuating her attorney by her voice, in order that he win her case.

(*j*) To Miss Idol we sincerely leave Venus, the goddess of Love, and we desire that by her she may ever be reminded of us.

Eighth. (*a*) It is our desire that Lizzie Wadsworth inherit Gladys Bagwell's art of combing her hair in the class room door.

(*b*) To Lillian Joyner we leave Helen Brown's privilege of "primping" in the cloak room.

(*c*) To Emily Moye we leave Virginia Arthur's powder puff.

(*d*) To Lillian Hooker we bequeath the modest and loving disposition of Mary Perkins Norman.

(*e*) To Catherine Perkins we give Roy Corbitt's ability of being on time at school.

(*f*) To Mary Thomas we give Emily Langley's "tip-off" in the basketball game.

(*g*) To Lee King we leave the studious habits of Edward Harris.

(*h*) To Joe Parkerson we bequeath Hennie Long's oratorical ability of expounding History.

Ninth. To the Boys' Basketball team we leave the support of the school and town, and visions, almost a reality, of a spacious gymnasium.

Last. We hereby constitute and appoint our trusty friend Julius (The Janitor) our lawful executor to all extents and purposes to execute this our last will and testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, and every part and clause thereof, hereby revoking and declaring utterly void all other wills and testaments by us heretofore made.

In witness whereof, we, the said Class, do hereunto set our hand and seal, this the twenty-second day of May, nineteen hundred and nineteen.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Senior Class to be their last will and testament, in the presence of us, who, at their request and in their presence (and in the presence of each other) do subscribe our names as witnesses thereto.

AUDREY MCLEOD [SEAL]
E. L. VEAZEY [SEAL]

ANNIE BET SMITH,
Class Attorney.

THE SENIORS

"Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
''Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.'"

And the first upon my threshold, first tho she was n'er o'er bold,
With all happy, pleasant mem'ries was most meetly Ruth of old.
Eagerly I searched her visage;—vainly I had sought to presage
How Ruth's looks proclaimed their message—message of a happy soul—
Of a rare and radiant pleasure with which each sunrise fills the soul—
Happy, Ruth, forevermore.

Then the next to make appearance, walking like some maid of romance,
Thrilled me—filled me with bright thoughts of olden times and days of yore.
"Friends!" now 'Gin, to calm the beating of our hearts, did stand repeating,
With her brightness, quite entreating entrance at the chamber door—
Her brightness quite entreating entrance at the chamber door;
Just Virginia, nothing more.

Next into the room advancing, such a vision quite entrancing,
Softly came in Gladys, always quietly as in the life of yore;
And her silence was unbroken, tho her eyes did give a token
That the very mind unspoken was so full of all good lore;
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the whispered word, "Good lore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Then into our midst descending, with a dignity unending,
Was another lady, standing with her blushes me before,
"Helen," said I, "thou art pleasing, with thy loyalty appeasing
All our hearts, and always seizing them their darkness to explore—
Stopping never, ever glad for friendship darkness to explore"—
Fearing Math and nothing more.

Hereon soft I heard the trilling, as of air with music filling;
In there stepped a noble maiden of the happy days of yore.
Not a small commotion made she; not a minute stopped or stayed she;
Bess, when first the thing essayed she, walked right in the chamber door—
Walked right in among her comrades just within the chamber door—
Walked, and laughed and nothing more.

Then for all our quick beguiling, turning sadness into smiling,
By her bright and light decorum and the wittiness she bore,
Came in quickly Fannie Bet, a lady known indeed far better
As the Math and Latin getter, shining in this dullard's corps—
"Tell us whence thy witty sense is, 'mongst this dull, unthrifty corps?"
Quoth the lady, "Never more!"

Long I marvelled next to see the like of nothing seen yet, either;
'Deed, it sure a little oddness—little queerness, weirdness bore;
For, with manly form decreeing great respect by merely being,
Roy did stand so pleased at seeing all within the chamber door,
Now so pleased at seeing others glad within the chamber door,
Wanting more, ah, nevermore.

Then the singing, sounding queerly on the placid night, came nearly
From without, as if some housewife's gentle soul it did outpour.
Nothing further then was uttered; not a hanging then was fluttered—
'Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have come before;
Only she has added home-life, tho they all have come before."
Modest Bruce said, "Never more."

As we sat and talked together, in that bright and cheery weather—
Talked and talked of things that happened in the good old days before,
In walked Edward, faithful ever, drawn by bonds time could not sever.
Rushed we to him, falt'ring never—for our Latin, as of yore,
Rushed for him to read our Vergil, as we did in days of yore;
Wise old Edward, ever more.

Here at last our gaze was lifted by a light from heaven sifted;
"Doubtless," said I, "goodness pours itself in boundless sunny store;
Yet, they tell me beauty reaches not the mark her wisdom teaches,
While the very air beseeches Eva's fame to carry o'er;
For the accents of her praise do widely, broadly, greatly o'er,
As equaled never more."

But the next the night enlight'ning, all our bonds much stronger tight'ning,
Came Miss Lena Dey, a lady well-acknowledged o'er and o'er
As—now, '20, cease thy bragging—candy cook the most unlagging,
Ever surely ever bagging hearts by means of candy store,
By her sweets, her sweets quite charming, grudging none her bounteous store,
Cheerful giver, ever more.

Then we sat engaged in guessing, each his hope so fond expressing;
How we only wished that Lillian would come in the chamber door!
And our wish was quickly granted; someone gladly, madly chanted
That the earnest—here, she panted—lady came the threshold o'er,
And that Lillian merely wanted, after coming threshold o'er,
French to hear, oh, never more!

Then, methought, I heard a batter, making quite unusual clatter,
As of someone swiftly thumping basket-ball upon the floor.
"Why," I cried, "'tis Em'ly truly, Em'ly by that clatter duly . . . .
Tell me, tell me, maiden, truly, e'er you pass the open door,
When, oh, when missed you the tip-off, out upon the warehouse floor?"
Quoth Miss Em'ly, "Never more!"

Now into the chamber dancing, breezed a slight young lady, prancing
Quite as tho her head contained not knowledge by the yard and store.
And she kept her thoughts unspoken, by her silence gave no token;
For her calmness was unbroken, as bright Hennie passed the door,
By the sighing caused from envy of her brilliancy's store,
Merely this and nothing more.

And the maiden next appearing, quick the glad assembly nearing,
Was the lovely Mary Perkins, smiling as before.
As she came, to show the swaying of our hearts, I stood still, saying,
"She's an angel true allaying fears within our natures sore—
A bright angel true allaying fears within our natures sore—
Surely this forever more."

Ah, distinctly we were hearing how our Annie Bet was nearing,
And approached with flying footsteps soon the open chamber door.
Eagerly we sought suspicion—what was Annie Bet's condition—
Whether she did yet petition knowledge in the way of yore—
Knowledge sure, and searching knowledge, which she sought in days of yore—
Knowledge sweet and nothing more.

And the last to enter to us, one who gladly, sweetly knew us,
Burning friendship with her goodness deep into our bosom's core,
Was the Linda ever glowing with a beauty ever blowing
And a friendship always sowing kindness world-wide regions o'er;
Yes, a friendship ever sowing kindness world-wide regions o'er,
Kindly, Linda, ever more.

Thus we gathered in the night-time, saying it was just the right time
For renewing pledges made so often in the days of yore;
Long and late we sat repeating, always, surely, time defeating;
Yet, that very time entreating for a little moment more,
To renew unbroken friendship pledged thus in the days of yore,
Friendship broken, never more!

PROPHECY

Early in August, 1929, I was leaving France for home. Helen, Eva, and I had been there almost two years. They had been taking high postgraduate courses in piano, and I had been studying violin. But in June, Helen had left off her studies and married de Pourceaugnac, the most brilliant pianist of the decade. Eva had one more month before completing her course, and already she was trying to decide between two offers open to her; one was a high position at Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, and the other, marriage to a most noble and handsome young Frenchman.

The night before I was to sail, we three sat up quite late talking of home. As our work had been very heavy while in France, we had had little time for correspondence except with our immediate families, and we had gotten out of touch with most things that did not concern either our country or our relatives. That night we fell to wondering about our classmates—wondering what the last ten years had done for each of them. Of course we could imagine *about* where most of them were and *about* what they were doing, but we didn't have the very latest news of any of them. So I was appointed as a committee of one to look up each member of our High School Class of 1919 and "report" on them as soon as possible. I promised to do my best.

Quite a while later, I wrote Madame de Pourceaugnac the following letter:

Long Beach, California, February 28, 1930.

My Dearest Helen:

This is the letter I promised seven months ago to write you. I have written you quite often and told you much of my travels since reaching America, but the most interesting things that I have run up with, I have failed to mention, and intentionally, too. I am now ready to give a full account of our classmates of 1919. Let me begin at the beginning.

Five days after I left France, I arrived in New York, and Bessie, having learned of my coming, was at the wharf with her husband to meet me. My! My! But I was glad to see her. That afternoon, she took me out to her club—the Epicurean Sporting Club, of which she is president and a most popular member. Then she said she had something to *show* me. So we went to the Hippodrome; and there was Ruth, the biggest hit on the program, doing fancy dancing and ice-skating. She is simply wonderful. Don't you remember how she used to rave in school over the "cute chorus girls" that came to "White's," and how she wished she were one?

After the show, Bessie gave a dinner, and we had a most delightful time. She enjoys life as thoroughly as of old, and I was so glad to see her the little time I did. I would have loved to have stayed longer, but felt that I just had to get home as soon as possible, and I had to stop in Philadelphia on business, too.

The next day, while walking down Chestnut street in that city, a sign which read, "Madame Henriette de Philomele, French Milliner," caught my eye. The windows were so attractive and the hats in them so good-looking, I could not help but go in. While I was being waited on, someone came up behind me and, taking me by the shoulders, turned me square around. And with whom should

I find myself standing face to face but Annie Bet Smith! Then I learned that Annie Bet and Madame de Philomele were "one and the same." She designs all kinds of hats, and her models are very popular. I have seen lots of Philomele patterns in *Vanity Fair* and *Harper's Bazaar*. haven't you? Annie Bet certainly has reached the top notch in her profession. Her head always was full of ideas.

On the train that afternoon I was reading the *Washington Post*, and in it was a picture I recognized. It was Linda! The paper said that she had lately married a young man who held quite a high government position, and that they were now making their home in Washington City where the bride was most popular in the social circles. Don't you remember how very popular Linda always was at school?

After I reached home, I happened to be looking at a copy of *The North American Review;* and what should I see but an article by Roy Corbitt! There was a little sketch in the front of the book which said that after he had finished Chapel Hill and taken a postgraduate course there, he had worked on the *New York Tribune*. Then he had begun doing magazine work, contributing to some of our best magazines. He now has a contract to write this year for *The North American Review*. The editors think his work is splendid, and they consider themselves quite fortunate in securing his services. I always believed Roy would do something good for himself. Don't you know how he would stick to things he was interested in, and how he worked on our High School annual?

And guess what Lillian Jones is doing! She is married, and she and her husband are missionaries in South America. Her town and church are mighty proud of her, you may be sure. I cannot imagine anyone who could fill the place better, Lillian is so patient, so sweet, and so deeply interested in the welfare of Christianity. They say her work is getting along wonderfully.

Fannie Bet is teaching in the Durham Conservatory of Music, and she has also done some composing. All of her compositions are for the voice, and some of her songs are *beautiful*. You shouldn't be surprised at this because all day long in school, Fannie Bet used to be either talking about her practicing or writing poetry.

Well, one day as I was looking over some periodicals on pedagogy, lo and behold, I came across the picture of Mary Perkins Norman! Why was it there? Why, because she has perfected the Montessori method of teaching little children. Mary Perkins is now "quite prominent in the educational world, highly esteemed by all her fellow workers and dearly loved by all her pupils," so the article said. Surely the little kiddies couldn't help adoring her, she's so sweet and lovable. I'm glad she has been so successful with her work, because, even in our High School days, you remember, it was her great ambition to teach little folks.

About the first of the year, I received a letter from Elsie, one of my St. Mary chums, saying that she was going with a party to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, and then to Long Beach to spend the rest of the winter, and asking me to go with them; and she's the girl whom Edward Harris has married! Can you take it in? Edward Harris, the boy who always swore he'd never marry, the boy who said on French class, "Je n'ai pas de femme et jen'en veux pas une," has succumbed.

And you already know of his cartooning, as his work is in all the prominent magazines and newspapers. Edward now lives in Chicago, and is said to be quite wealthy.

About the middle of this month, I started for Chicago to join Elsie's party. As I had to wait several hours in Baltimore, and as I had never seen the Johns Hopkins Hospital, I decided to go out there while waiting. As I was being shown about the place, guess whom I saw rolling a patient on one of the bridges? Lena Humber. I was surprised and delighted to see her. I have since heard that she is a splendid nurse (and I'm sure she is, with her jollity and capability), but they also say she'll not be nursing much longer because one of the doctors is mighty crazy about her.

Shrove Tuesday found our party in New Orleans for Mardi Gras. While pressing through the crowd to see the parade, whom should I find myself elbowing but Emily Langley! Emily has married a wealthy planter, and she and he live on a huge plantation about four miles outside the city. After the festivities, we went out to see them, and Emily brought out cookies, jellies, and doughnuts like they used to cook at school. Even tho' she has plenty of servants, Emily says she just cannot help from going into the kitchen and making sweetmeats, and that it is one of her greatest delights to keep her pantry full of "goodies" that she, herself, has made.

Two days later, our party started for Long Beach. When we reached Denver, we had a two-hours wait with nothing to do. But just a little way from the depot is the Denver High School, a huge and up-to-date institute. So we went over to visit the school. And when we came to the Domestic Science Department, lo, there we saw—guess whom!—yes, Bruce Exum. She was looking fine and seemed very enthusiastic over her work. You remember Bruce always was as neat as a pin and a dandy cook.

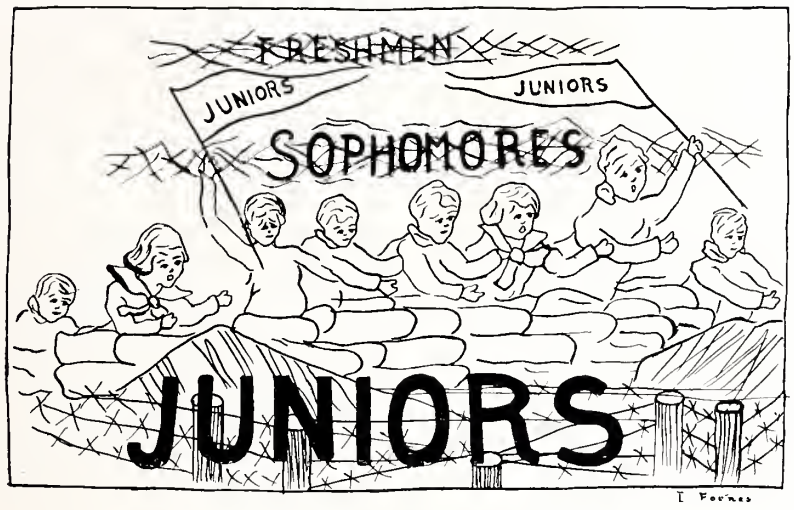
When we reached San Francisco, all being in a frolicking mood, voted to go see a comedy. "Sis Hopkins" would be farcical enough. So we went to the theater where that play was to be given, and who do you imagine was playing the leading role—the part of the ludicrous Sis Hopkins herself? *That very same Gladys Bagwell,* who used to sit behind you in school. Oh! Oh! we laughed and shook at her antics till we ached all over. You know she always was a perfect clown.

But the strangest thing was that, after the show was over, I should spy a familiar face in the sea of humanity within the theater. It was "Gin's." I caught her eye and signaled her to wait outside for us. After talking with her, we found out that she was married to the young army officer who was with her, and that they were on their way to the Hawaiian Islands (here the Captain was to be stationed) to make their home. Now isn't that Gin "all over again, Mabel?"

We reached here a few days ago, and like it fine. When the mail came this morning bringing me a letter from Eva, I realized that I had heard from every member of our class of 1919 since I saw you last, and that now was the time to send in my "report." As you probably know, "Frenchy" has been over to see Eva twice since she's been at Peabody, and in the letter I got this morning Eva says she's going back with him when he comes again. "'Nuff sed."

As ever, HENNIE.

JUNIOR CLASS



OVER THE TOP

Motto: Qui essaye vainc

Colors: Red and White

William Tyson	Mary Harding	Susie Turner
President	*Treasurer*	*Secretary*

∴

Lee King
Josephine Skinner
Mary Louise Langley

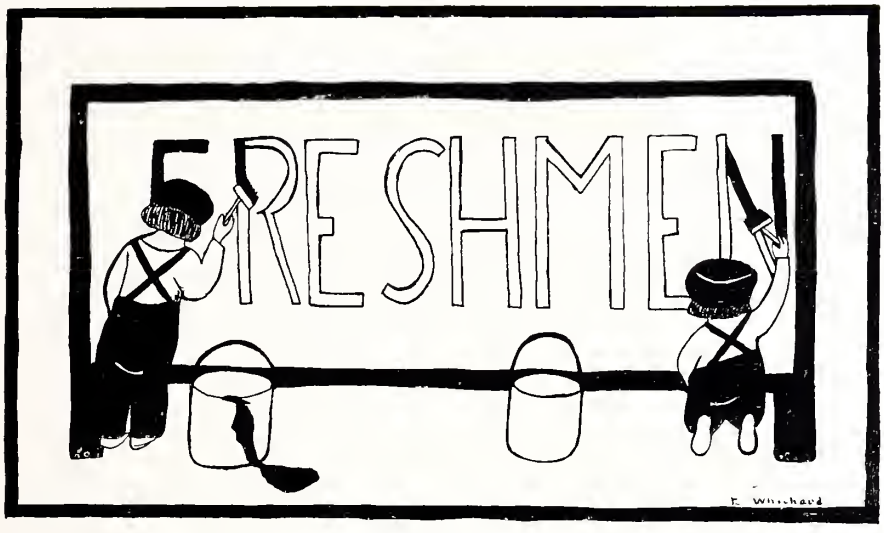
J. T. Corey	Emily Moye
Mack Brown	Mary Brooks
Mary Harding	Helene Higgs
Annie Jackson	William Tyson
Emma Mallison	Lillian Joyner
Helen Critcher	Thurman Taylor
Margaret Moore	Almeta Mallison
Elwood Menefee	Maggie Whichard

Joseph Parkerson Ruby Evans Bessie Ricks Ada James Lizzie Wadsworth
Margaret Fleming Reid Gaskins Susie Turner Pattie Smith Argent Quinerley

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Iva Bradley Elsie Stubbs Alya Taylor Mary Little
Mary Thomas Edna Clapp Bessie Wells
Mary Corbitt Pearl Wright
Hogan Gaskins Will Whedbee
Tessie Beddard George Hadley
Elizabeth White Elizabeth Higgs
Marguerite Manning Marcellus Fleming
Mary Bagley Overton Mary Ruth Allsbrook
Hannah Long Fulford Lillian Parkerson
Alice Lee Hooker Viola Crawford
Mattie Perkins William Brown
Kathleen Spain Leona Newton
Pattie Jenkins Mary Andrews
Darrell Hines Nella Mabe Dink James Nancy Arthur
Robert Little Lillian Suggs Laura Foley Frank Jolley

FRESHMAN CLASS



Guy Evans

Ella Smith — Anna Long

Nancy King — James Moye

Viola Moore — Ella Speight

Horace Mabe — Frances Taft

Ethel Tucker — Wyatt Brown

Isabel Fannes — Eva Whichard

Ralph Perkins — Berry Jenkins

Joseph Norman — Annie Edwards

Lillian Hooker — Maud Johnston

Henry Edwards — William Dixson

Frances Mosley — Earl Parkerson

Hazel Crawford — Ferrell Jackson

Stella Whichard — Mary B. Patrick

Elizabeth Gaskins — Margaret Tucker

Annie Lynn Savage — Cecil Sadderwhite

Mary Gaskill Flanagan — Rosemond Flanagan

Blanche Davenport — Catherine Perkins

Richard Williams — Lela Mae Pearce

Edwin Wilkerson — Margaret Brown

Novella Mobley — Kathleen Jolley

Aileen Critcher — Priscilla Austin

Deanie Haskett — Carrie LaFrage

Agnes Campbell — Marietta Suggs

Robert Wright — Gertrude Taft

Ferrol Phelph — Frank Patrick

James Fleming — Esther Fixter

Lillian Baker — Jimmie Barber

Francis Smith — Virginia King

Duglas Ward — Gladys Hicks

Bruce Bryan — Olivia Moye

Ela Oakley — C. B. West

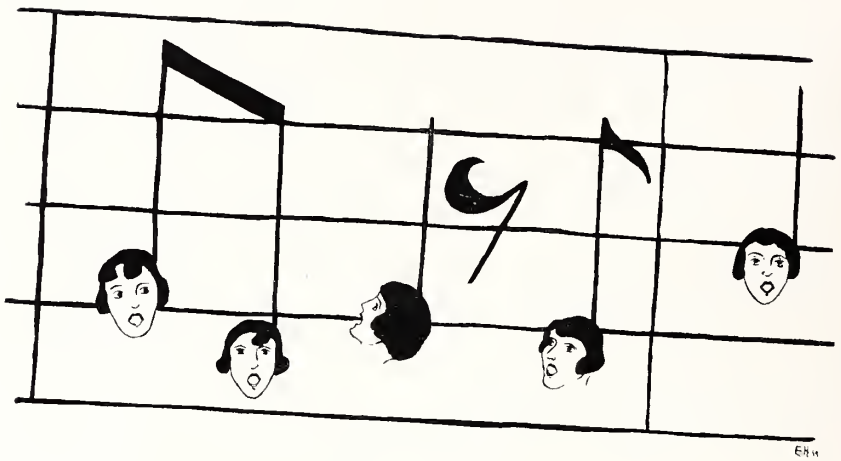
Joe Moye

SIXTH AND SEVENTH GRADES

THE MODEL SCHOOL

EVANS STREET SCHOOL

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



GLEE CLUB

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The growth and progress of the Music Department in the High School have been very noticeable during this session. So great has been this growth that it has been necessary to increase the faculty of this department. We now have Misses Elsie Pugh and Fannie Spain giving full time to the High School music, and Miss Georgie Pearsall, instructor of Music in the Evans Street School, giving a part of her time to High School pupils.

The Girls' Glee Club of the High School, under the direction of Miss Fannie Spain, teacher of Voice, is a new organization, and has meant much to the school this year. This club consists of thirty-five members. As punctuality and regularity of attendance are required, some of the original members of the club are no longer enrolled. Much time and work have been given to this organization and the public performances that have been given by these girls are sufficient evidence that the time has not been misspent.

The Piano pupils have also been doing commendable work under Misses Pugh, Spain and Pearsall.

Before this year we have been unable to get High School credit in units for the work done in Music, but now arrangements have been made whereby a pupil may get units of credit for this, provided she does a sufficient amount of satisfactory work. The completion of our High School Music course enables a pupil to enter Sophomore year of Music in any of the standard colleges.

We have three graduates in this department this year: Eva Hodges, Elizabeth White, and Hennie Long.

Recitals were given by the Music pupils on May twelfth, fourteenth, and nineteenth. On May twenty-first the following program was given by the graduates of Music:

Troisieme Ballade ..... *Chopin*
EVA HODGES

Sonata Op. 2—Adagio ..... *Beethoven*
HENNIE LONG

Impromptu ..... *Schubert*
ELIZABETH WHITE

A La Bien Aimee Waltz ..... *Schutt*
EVA HODGES

Polonaise Op. 26, No. 1 ..... *Chopin*
HENNIE LONG

Hungarian Dance (two pianos) ..... *Brahms*
EVA HODGES, HENNIE LONG

a. In Autumn ..... *Macdowell*
b. To a Water Lily
ELIZABETH WHITE

Solo—
MISS SPAIN

Le Papillion ..... *Lavallee*
HENNIE LONG

Rondo Capriccioso ..... *Mendelssohn*
ELIZABETH WHITE

Witches Dance ..... *Macdowell*
EVA HODGES

GLEE CLUB

MUSIC PUPILS

DOMESTIC SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

HOME ECONOMICS

Domestic Science is the youngest department of work in our school. But in its two years of existence it has grown with such rapidity that it now stands in the front line in importance and popularity. Last year the Domestic Science pupils studied elementary cooking, and the theory of the food classes. We also made and practiced war recipes. This year we have studied the advanced cooking, and the balanced menu. We have learned economy in buying and cooking our food.

The Domestic Science girls have learned to serve all kinds of meals—breakfasts, dinners, suppers, and course dinners. In doing this the high cost of living has been considered.

In the study of dietetics we have found out the amount of food a person needs a day, and what kinds of food different people need. We have also learned to make a balanced menu and have made them out for a week.

In making out the menu we have not forgotten the leftovers. During both of the years in which we have studied Domestic Science we have learned how to use every bit of our left overs. This has been one phase of Domestic Science which has needed and received our careful attention. We have tried to conserve all the foods we could, and to use food substitutes.

On the twenty-first of November the Juniors served an attractive Thanksgiving dinner to ten guests. The room was brightly decorated in autumn leaves and flowers.

On the twenty-seventh of November the Seniors also served a Thanksgiving dinner. Those present were Mr. Swanson, Superintendent of City Schools; Mr. Underwood, the Superintendent of County Schools; Mr. Wright, President of the Teachers Training School; Judge Whedbee, Mayor Dunn, and the School Board of Trustees, consisting of Messrs. F. C. Harding, J. L. Little, D. S. Spain, T. M. Hooker, and W. B. Wilson. The dining room was attractively decorated with flowers and ferns. The centerpieces were chrysanthemums. The place cards with appropriate Thanksgiving designs were painted by Annie Bet Smith, a member of the Senior class. The following menu was served.:

CLEAR TOMATO SOUP — CROUTONS

STUFFED ROAST TURKEY

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST — CREAMED POTATOES

CURRANT JELLY — BREAD STICKS

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

APPLE SALAD — CRACKERS

MINCE PIE — COFFEE

They served their ten guests and nineteen others, making in all twenty-nine, at a cost of forty-eight cents a plate. This shows that our girls are learning not only how to cook, but how to economize.

Twice a month the Seniors served a dainty hot lunch to the county teachers, about one hundred and twenty-five in number. These lunches were served in the dining room, which was attractively decorated for these occasions.

We have had several distinguished visitors to our Domestic Science kitchen this year. Dr. McMurray, of Peabody College, tasted of the hot waffles, rolls, and plum pie with the Seniors. Mrs. Kate Vaughn visited the Domestic Science kitchen also and enjoyed some of our doughnuts. Dr. Brooks, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, had lunch with us on Saturday, March the twenty-second.

In the fall, during the influenza epidemic, it was realized more than ever what a blessing it was to our community that Domestic Science had been introduced into our High School. Miss Carroll, assisted by some of the pupils, prepared soup to be sent to the emergency hospital and the needy of the town.

Our department in sewing is not so well developed as our cooking department on account of the lack of equipment. Nevertheless, altho the work has been done by hand, we feel sure that in this one year we have accomplished something worth while. Each pupil has cut, fitted and made a suit of underwear. They have also learned to patch, buttonhole, design, embroider, and make the main stitches in sewing.

The great success of this department of Home Economics is due to the efficient management of the instructor, Miss Clara Carroll.

MARGARET'S ADVENTURE

Old Judge Reid lived at Oakdale, his beautiful colonial estate. He was rich; he was gruff; he despised girls; and he very, *very* often lost his temper.

The old judge possessed two wonderful jewels—a noble son and an attractive daughter. The father realized the worth of his son, but did not value his daughter at all simply because she was a girl. He thought a girl could have no mind or spirit.

If Margaret Reid had been like her quiet, gentle, passive, timid little mother, the events recorded would never have happened. But Margaret was the embodiment of youth, alive and vivacious. She never sought her father's company because she was sure to annoy him, and when he was annoyed—well, "distance lent enchantment." So since Margaret tried to avoid Judge Reid's company and Judge Reid tried to avoid Margaret's, they never became very friendly. When Mrs. Reid died, Margaret was only a little tot and her father, not caring for her, had turned her over to the nurse. When she had outgrown the nurse, she had had a governess; when she had outgrown her governess she had been sent off to boarding school. Judge Reid knew that it was his duty to support his daughter and, as he didn't know and didn't want to know what a girl should have, he allowed her a check book. He wanted her to have the best of everything because she was a Reid—a member of his family.

Margaret was a good sport and very popular. Every summer she went to a camp school, or visited her schoolmates, or went to a summer resort with her aunt. So she scarcely ever went to Oakdale. She was always bright and happy, and didn't grieve the least bit because she didn't have a real home—in fact, she didn't seem to realize it.

But while his daughter was in boarding school, Judge Reid was giving all his love and care to his son, Bob. Bob was three years younger than Margaret, and his father's idol. The old judge would go fishing, hunting, horseback riding—anywhere with Bob. Bob was his main thought—Bob was his all. As for Bob and Margaret, they were very, *very* fond of each other, and were always happy to be together.

So thus the years went by; love and admiration always existing between Margaret and Bob, devotion and fellowship always between Judge Reid and his son, but not even friendship between father and daughter.

When Margaret was eighteen years old she spent a few days of her summer vacation at Oakdale. The last night of her stay there was a dance in town. Both Bob and Margaret went, tho they did not go together. Bob took his best girl, while Margaret went with one of Bob's chums. The dance lasted until quite late, but as Margaret had to catch an early train the next morning, she left a little before one o'clock.

When Margaret reached home, being in a gay mood as a result of the dance, she ran into the house and let the heavy front door slam behind her. After bustling about in the library awhile, she tripped upstairs humming a fragment of the last fox-trot. As she was about to enter her room, the door across the hall opened and her father, in his bathrobe, appeared. She could see at once that he was angry. "What the h— is all this noise about?" he thundered.

Margaret did not answer, but, with her head slightly raised she eyed him inquiringly from head to foot.

Angered still more at her coolness, the old man continued, "Haven't you any more thought than to come tearing into the house like that at this time of night? Don't you think I have to sleep? That's exactly the way it is whenever you are here, nobody can have a minute's peace." He fairly glared at her from under his shaggy brows.

"Sir," she said as she drew herself up haughtily, "I ask your pardon for all the disturbance I have caused you, and I assure you that you shall in no way be disturbed by me hereafter."

She ran into her room, quickly changed her evening dress for a blue coat-suit, pinned on her hat, and seized her bag which had already been packed for her departure the next morning. In less than fifteen minutes she was in the hall again. The judge was still standing in his doorway. He had been trying to make out why Margaret was scurrying about in her room so. When she appeared attired as she was, he fell back a step and gasped,

"Wh—wh—where are you going now?"

"I'm going where I won't worry you," she said hastily.

To have her defy him thus aroused the old judge's anger anew. He almost choked with rage. "The—the devil you are!" he shrieked.

"Yes," she replied. "You don't care for me. You know you don't. You have never given me anything in the world but check books, and what do I want with money from a father like you?"

Margaret hurried on down stairs, and in a minute the front door slammed again.

* * * * * * * *

May of the next year found the students of the Redmond School preparing for an inter-scholastic swimming match with the boys from "the Institute" in a neighboring town. The contest was to be held in a lake back of Redmond, and the boys were going to do the racing while the girls did the cheering. There were six swimmers on each side, and they were to start from the pier which ran out into the middle of the lake, and swim downstream to another pier about a quarter of a mile away. A crowd was gathered at the lower pier.

Four girls, clad in bathing suits and raincoats, were in a rowboat near the shore about half way between the piers. One of the girls was Margaret.

When Margaret had left home, she had realized that she would have to make her own living. The easiest way to go about it was to borrow money and finish her course at Redmond, since she had only one more year. Then, of course, she could make her education of pecuniary value.

And now, she and three other girls were out in the boat awaiting the race. They had not met the Institute boys, but of course they would after the race.

A pistol shot and the twelve boys dived. When they came up an Institute boy was ahead, a Redmond boy close behind him, and all the other boys close behind the Redmond boy. As they neared the rowboat, the first Redmond boy began to gain. On and on they all came steadily, but the boy who had started off so swiftly was now losing. When they were just opposite the rowboat, the Redmond boy passed him. The girls cheered lustily.

Then they turned to look at the boys who were following. One of the Institute boys sank.

"He thinks he's going to play a trick and come out ahead!" exclaimed one of the girls, thinking the boy would do some under-water swimming and come up far from where he sank.

But when he did come up, he was in almost the same spot, and he waved an arm and sent out a call which was almost drowned by the cheers of the crowd at the pier. None of the swimmers had noticed him because he was behind them.

Margaret saw his plight. The cramp had caught him! Just as he was about to sink again, she threw off her coat, dived, and swam out toward him. There was something familiar about the sinking figure. No, it could not be. Surely Bob would have let her know if he were entering the race today. He was about twenty yards from the rowboat and eagerly, anxiously, she swam the distance with her swift overhand stroke.

When she reached the boy, he had come up again and was about to sink for the third time. He was completely exhausted and unconscious. After much trouble, Margaret managed to get her left arm under one of his arms so she could tow him. As she did so, altho' she was almost blinded by the water, she saw the face of Bob, her Bob, turned toward her. For a moment faintness almost overcame her. Then a strength, born of love, came to her rescue. He wasn't quite as large as she, but he seemed very heavy, and she wondered if she could possibly reach the boat with him. She started off, using a slow, steady stroke with her right hand, and kicking strongly. Could he live till she got him to the boat? Could she possibly keep his head out of the water? And, after all, would her strength last? All these questions surged up in her brain. She dared not look to see how far it was to the boat, but kept moving along and with a steady stroke.

Then Bob began to twist as if trying to free himself from her. Suppose he should gain enough consciousness to realize his danger, and then begin to clutch and fight her! She tightened her hold on him, and tried to swim smoothly and steadily. When she had gone about seven or eight yards, she began to grow weak and fear struck her heart. But she summoned her courage and urged herself on. A few yards more and the muscles in her arm began to burn, and her legs grew weak and heavy. Still she fought on. Oh! could she reach the boat? Her breath grew short. Her chin went down, and water got into her nose and mouth. Oh, what was she to do! She couldn't turn him loose now! No, no, that she could not do. She looked up for the first time, to see how far it was to the boat.

Glory! there it was only a few yards away and the girls were rowing toward her—all her strength rushed back. She did not use it to swim tho', but to stay up until the rowboat reached her.

Fifteen minutes later, after the girls had worked on both Margaret and the boy, Margaret's eyes opened—and with the words, "Bob—the—race—did we win?" her head sank back upon the pillows. Then her eyes fell on the pale face of the lad opposite, and with a happy smile she placed her hand on his arm. And Bob, tho' weak, had recovered sufficiently to give the hand an answering pressure.

It was when Judge Reid heard the story that he realized there was really something worth while in his girl. For the first time Margaret was given her rightful place at Oakdale, and, best of all, she shared, equally with Bob, her father's heart.

The Supernatural Element in Macbeth

According to his usual method of procedure, Shakespeare plainly announces at the beginning of *Macbeth* the atmosphere which permeates the whole play. That this atmosphere is supernatural adds to the gripping quality of the work. There is scarcely a man, no matter how learned, who is not held by talk of witches, charms, and murrains. The dramatist, recognizing this, shrewdly uses it to catch the attention of his audience, and then, by opportune recurrences, to hold his audience until the very end.

At the moment when the three witches enter the scene, one versed in the spirit of Shakespeare's time might know that the play was to be a tale of what evil men may do, when they allow baseness to triumph over goodness. To show this, indeed, was the dramatist's deep purpose. *Macbeth* was written as a warning, not only to the king upon his throne, but also to the workman on his bench. Shakespeare wanted, too, both the king and the workman to see the moral. So he used the supernatural to attract interest, and the natural to point his moral. He understood that, when ambition becomes so great it is willing to adopt any means of advancement, no matter how vile, it is no longer a laudable thing; it is working against the purpose of life. That Shakespeare recognized this, gives him a right to the title of philosopher. But that he was able to impart in an interesting way his knowledge, gives him a right to immortality.

When the witches appear for the second time, we see how evil strengthens itself. Their prophecies merely confirm, in the mind of *Macbeth*, evil desires already existing. They tell him he is to be thane of Cawdor. Then they predict that he will one day become King of Scotland. The ambition of Macbeth has already looked high, and now, with this encouragement—this promise, almost, of assistance—he can see no obstacle in the way of advancement.

In this same scene, it is also shown how a truly good man would act, placed in a position similar to Macbeth's. Banquo is not even tempted by the witches to seek greater things for himself. He disregards the evil prophets.

We, fain as we are to become bored with deepness, pay attention when the witches miraculously appear. We gaze spellbound at their queer forms and faces. Later when we see the first of the prophecies fulfilled, we are fairly caught up by the supernatural, and placed upon that hill of understanding, where Shakespeare wishes us.

After Macbeth, wrought up by the prophecies, has done the terrible deed, there comes that scene surpassing all in horrible fascination. The witches plot the downfall of Macbeth. The picturesque description of the charms they throw into the cauldron makes the timid almost quake. The very sing-song of the meter stresses the weirdness. When Macbeth appears and they give him the signs which lead him on to his end, evil is seen to begin its own destruction. Macbeth can divine nothing, unfavorable in what the witches tell him. He becomes over-

bold. The bad in him, while seeming most successful, is really just securing that last bit of rope with which it will hang itself. Still the supernatural exerts its charm, and we attend a theme which would be tiresome, under any other hand than Shakespeare's.

Finally Macbeth is stirred to the depths of his superstitious soul when he sees Birnam Wood marching on Dunsinane. The fear presents itself that he has been, perhaps, mistaken. He begins to believe that the witches may have duped him, even while seeming most propitious to his progress. He loses confidence.

All his courage flees when, at last, Macduff explains that the other charm is void. Macbeth becomes panic stricken. He is almost ready to yield without a fight, when the thought of his humiliation spurs him on. He fights. But he fights only to lose to the wronged Macduff, who is but a tool in the hand of Providence. Evil has brought its own end—and we, we have listened to a parable deep and broad, all because Shakespeare knew just how to work, just what tools to use, in gaining our attention.

THE SERVICE FLAG

THE SERVICE FLAG is one of our school's most treasured possessions. It stands for so much, has such a depth of meaning, that its impressiveness is not to be wondered at. Within its borders are represented the sacrifices of scores of our men, both of those who have been to school here, and of those who have taught here. A single glance at the red, the white, the blue—and the gold of it is enough to carry us, in imagination, to the farthest trench of the farthest line, that was once flung in France. The flag is not only something to admire: it is something to live up to.

The ceremony of presentation for the flag fitted this solemn meaning. The Hon. F. C. Harding, in the name of the trustees of the school, gave the flag, while Prof. H. G. Swanson accepted it in the school's behalf. Then followed a stirring speech by Dr. C. E. Brooks. Dr. Brooks emphasized with all his great oratorical power the meaning of the flag and its significance to us, the every-day Americans.

Those to whom we dedicate the flag are:

GOLD STARS

JOHNSON, HERBERT BROWN, WILEY J.

BLUE STARS

Arthur, Louis
Arthur, Ficklen
Austin, Edward
Bright, Clyde
Bright, Lonnie
Brown, Wilbur
Brown, Whit
Brown, Frank
Brown, Bryce
Brown, James
Brown, Ames
Brinkley, Frank
Bradley, Hugh
Bradley, Frank
Bryan, Benjamin
Bryan, Jack
Brooks, Henry
Blount, Henry
Cobb, Cecil
Cherry, George
Congleton, Gordon
Dupree, William
Evans, Luther
Evans, Lunis
Evans, James
Flemming, Willis
Forbes, Earl
Forbes, Percy
Fleming, Daphron
Garris, Bruce
Hooker, Seth
Hooker, Bruce
Hemby, John
Hemby, Robert
Hardee, Leland
Hardee, Cleveland
Hearne, Edward
Hammond, Paul
Hutchings, John
Johnson, Milton
Jones, Beverly
Joyner, Olthos
Kinion, Sam
Kinion, Jesse
Lanier, Con
Lee, Robert
Little, Joseph
Lang, Willie Gray
Mumford, Charles
Moore, David
Mayo, Louis
McGowan, Wallace
McGowan, Edward
McLawhorn, Walter
Mangum, Thad
Manning, Charles
Morton, Shepard
Outerbridge, Fred
Peel, E. S.
Perkins, Lionel
Perkins, Frank
Pritchard, Peyton
Pugh, Milton
Rice, Frank
Ragsdale, Sherwood
Rountree, Clifton
Rountree, Marvin
Spain, Spruill
Skinner, Frances
Smith, Linda
Shultz, Alfred
Savage, Frank
Thomas, Phil
Taylor, Ben
Taylor, Hoy
Tyson, Mercer
Tucker, Charles
Tucker, Royce
Taylor, Jack
Warren, Burney
Warren, Bruce
Wilson, Frank
Wilson, Carl
Wilson, Bascom
Wilson, William
Wilson, Walter
Wilson, Durwood
Williams, E. C.
Whitehurst, Carl
Whichard, David
Waldrop, Paul
Waldrop, Hugh
Zahnizer, Chandler

TRIANGULAR DEBATE*

The triangular debate will be held, as usual, this year under the auspices of the Bureau of Extension, University of North Carolina. The query for debate this time is—

> *Resolved:* That the Government of the United States should adopt a policy requiring one year of military training of all able-bodied men before they reach the age of twenty-one.

Greenville's teams are as follows:

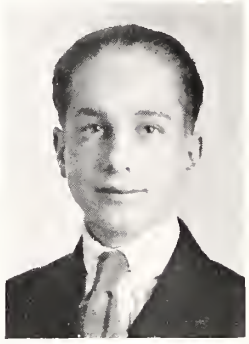
Affirmative:

DINK JAMES

Negative:

MATTIE PERKINS

WILLIAM TYSON



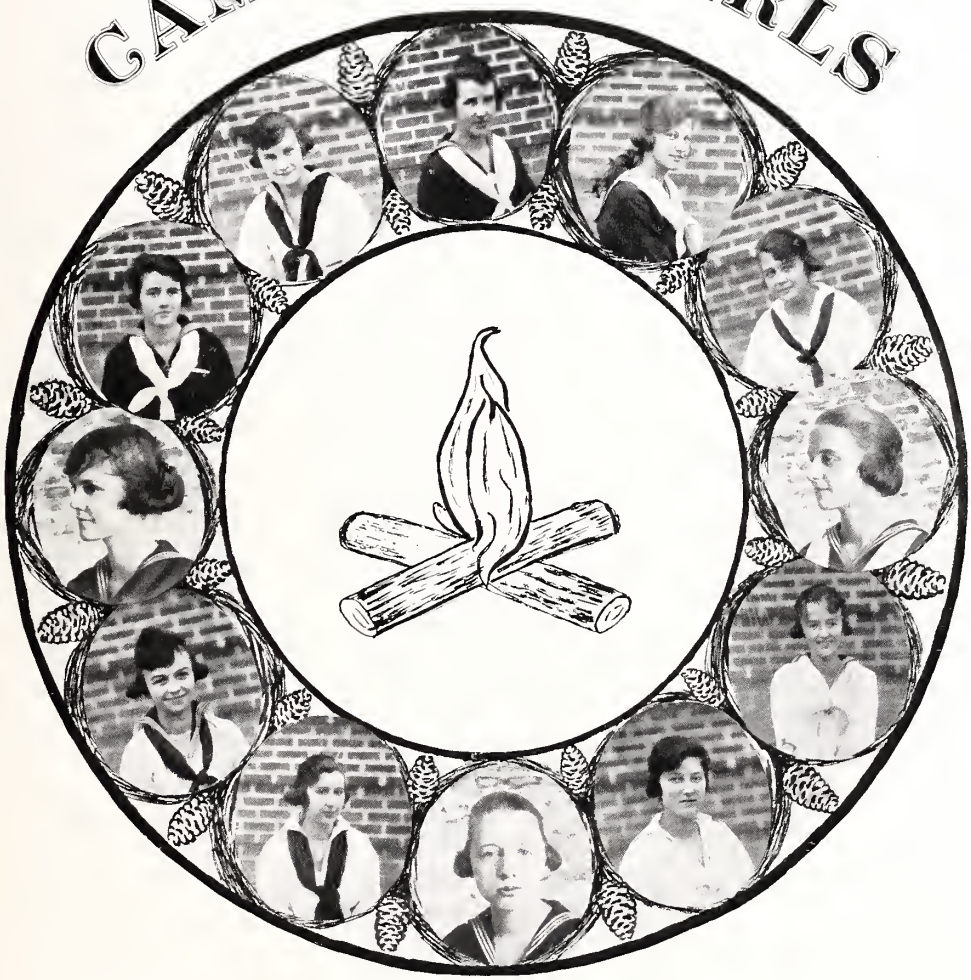
MARGARET MOORE

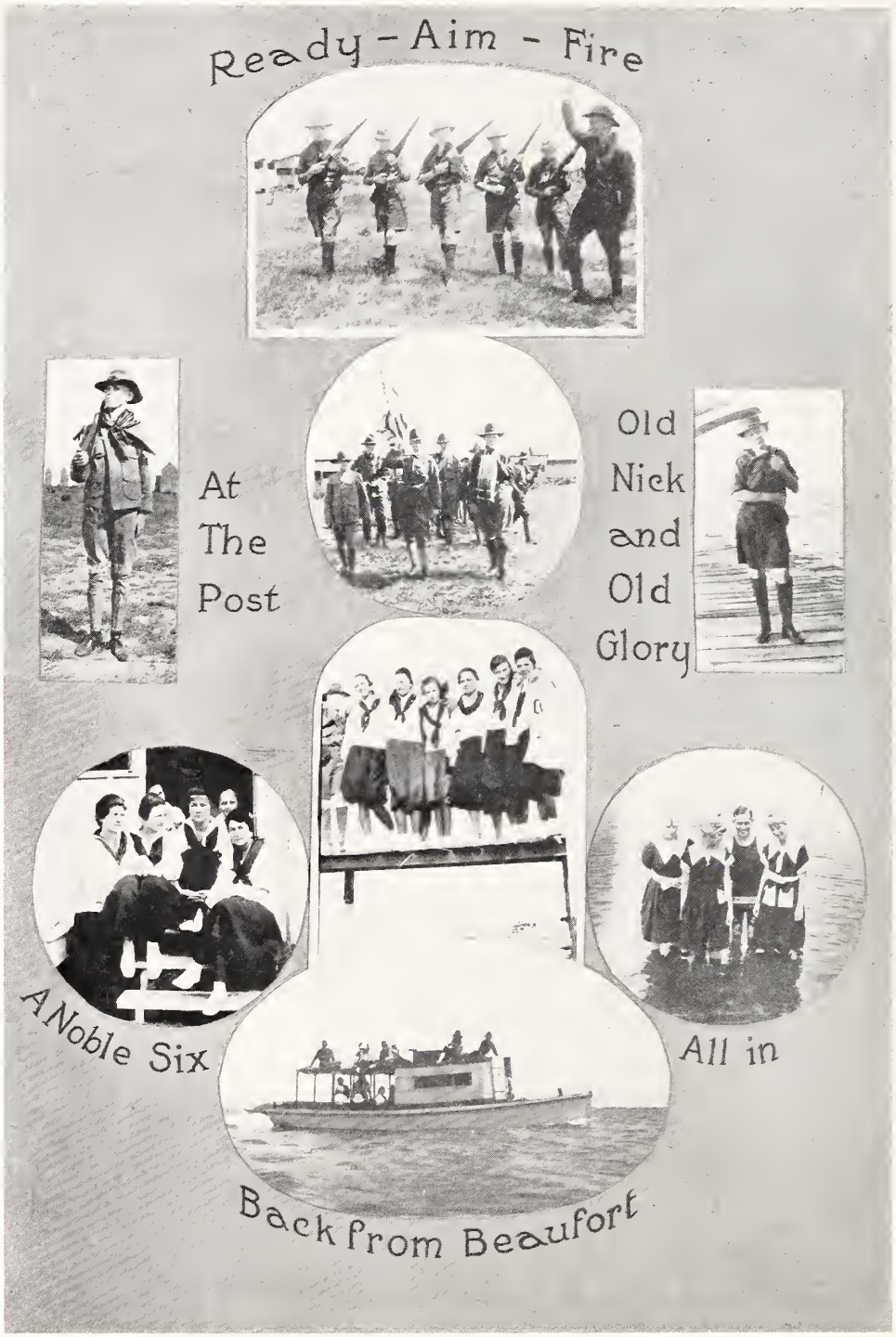
The triangle, slightly changed, is now composed of Goldsboro, Rocky Mount, and Greenville. The negative team of Rocky Mount will debate the affirmative team of Greenville at Greenville, April 4. At the same time, Greenville's negative team will debate Goldsboro's affirmative at Goldsboro.

The team which wins both its debates will meet some other winning team, at a place and at a time later to be determined, and have another contest. The winners of this contest will then go to Chapel Hill, where they will enter the finals.

*Won by our opponents.

CAMP FIRE GIRLS





Camp Fire Girls and Boys at Camp Glenn

A NEW WAR-CRY

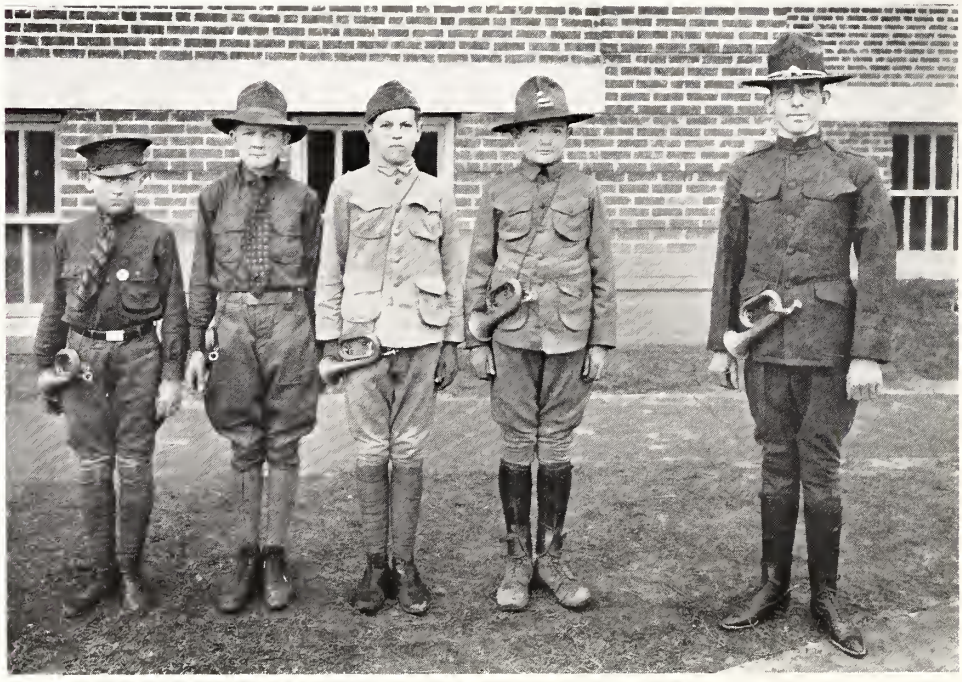
The day of monarchies and one-man schools has passed. Absolutism in both government and school has served its purpose. Just as democracy could never have been, without a preceding autocracy, so the democratic school could never have been, but for the autocratic school which went before it. Nevertheless, now the time for autocracy in anything—business, school, church or government—has gone. It took the combined efforts of the four greatest nations in the world to convince the political autocrat of his uselessness. The revolution in the school was more peaceful; and, yet, if there were no shots fired, there were, none the less, great battles; if there were no deaths, at least there were great hardships. However, at the end, right triumphed in both cases. And now the question is, Shall we be worthy of our freedom, or shall we, like Russians and Germans be unfit to govern ourselves?

In the first place, we pupils are allowed a certain latitude in the course we choose to study, just as the citizens of a democracy are allowed freedom in selecting their occupations. We must not abuse the privilege. It is seen that beyond a doubt, the free choice of Russians and Germans is idleness or worse—war. We being, however, by the grace of God, neither Russians nor Germans, should choose something more profitable than idleness and less destructive than war. In other words, the course which appeals not to the sense of laziness and greed but to the sense of industry and gain, should be our choice. By this, we can prove our fitness for freedom. By this, we can show our respect for democracy.

As another evidence of the new regime comes an improvement in school laws. "In the good old days before the war," laws were made by Professor Kaiser for the closest restraint of the school-citizens. Now, laws are made, in a sense, by the citizens themselves. The only recognized call for laws comes from the citizens. As long as privileges are not abused, there is no need for curtailing these privileges; but when freedom is wrongly used it becomes a menace, and so must be restrained by a show of the old-time force. Therefore, the best way to secure more freedom is to use that which we already have conservatively. The new order places the goal of greater attainments before us, and the progress made depends only upon us. We are assured that, as soon as we show ourselves capable of greater responsibilities, we will receive greater freedom. This should be incentive enough. For, if we respect what few laws we have, even they, in the end, will be annulled.

To use the plainest words possible, therefore, we must avoid the worst enemy of democracy—Bolshevism. A certain class there is always in governments—and schools—a class of socialistic drones. Such a class seizes upon the principle of liberty as a fair means to a foul end, and does the greatest harm with the most sacred weapons. Knowing this, all good citizens should combine to keep the radicals in bounds. Only by the extinction of all anarchistic tendencies can democracy reach its true dignity and high power. The fight for a pure democracy is a holy fight. We all have a part in it. Consequently, since the Kaiser has already been canned "by hands worthier than ours," let our motto be: "Can the Bolsheviki!"

The Boy Scouts



The Buglers

ATHLETICS 1918-19

G. H. S. is beginning to see light on the athletic question. We have begun to realize that the best way to advertise our school and to have school spirit and cooperation is to have the best of athletic organizations. This year we have taken up a fond hope to become State champions in all branches of athletics, and the school has given of its best to develop athletic teams that are superior, so that our fond hope, tho yet far away, may become a true fact.

We first considered athletics in 1913, and since that time we have developed wonderfully. We are now represented in three branches of athletics, Baseball, Basketball and Tennis, and although the first and last were only instituted this year great interest has been manifested in both.

Next year we hope to take even greater strides, for we are to have a coach and a football team is guaranteed, and there is a possibility that we may be represented on the track We have wonderful material for both, and enthusiasm is at its greatest height.

Our Basketball Team, tho composed of raw recruits and new material, has made a record worthy of consideration.

G. H. S. wins games and rejoices; G. H. S. loses games knowing they are outclassed in size and skill, but never in effort. We can always proudly say, "The green and white has fought a good fight." May fortune keep it so.

W. S. Tyson.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

G. H. S.	26	Winterville	13
G. H. S.	19	Rocky Mount	24
G. H. S.	64	Kinston	2
G. H. S.	15	Wilson	75
G. H. S.	37	Vanceboro	15
G. H. S.	18	Vanceboro	20
G. H. S.	26	Snow Hill	6
G. H. S.	18	Rocky Mount	34
G. H. S.	21	Snow Hill	15
	244		204

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Miss Mial, Coach
Virginia Arthur, Captain and Guard
Bessie Brown, Manager and Forward
Emily Langley, Center
Lena Humber, Forward
Mary Louise Langley, Guard
Eva Hodges, Guard

Mary Thomas
Sponsor

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Coach: Veasey
Manager: Darrell Hines
Captain: Frank Jolly
Guards: Hogan Gaskins, Mack Brown
Forwards: Billie Brown, George Hadley

MARSHALS

COMMUNICATIONS

Editors of THE TAU have received three letters which they take great pleasure in having printed. "Miss Polly" needs no introduction.

Washington.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

One might judge that these editor folk had been reading the "Who's Who and Why" of the S. E. P. and become enamored therewith to the extent that they have requested that we, their quondam tormentors, should take our ink in hand and tell what we now are and why.

That's easy. At least in this case it is, for there is nothing to tell and there's an end of it.

If any of my readers, gentle or otherwise, have been fortunate enough to have found themselves marooned in the "Big Little Village" where there are so many "Who's Who" just now, they can understand and readily my feeling of my insignificance and why I so reluctantly take up said ink and admit my insignificance and the whyfores.

There are some letters, supposedly written by a government clerk, very much in character like the Dere Mable stories, that we all have read and laughed over, going the rounds, wherein she says that in Washington the stenographers and typewriters have to know stenography and typewriting, but the clerks don't have to know nothing. And that just now is my role—not having to know nothing, for you all can testify that never had I time from splashing red ink over theme papers to master any such worthy sciences as stenography and typing. Now should you ask what clerks do do I am not at all sure I could tell you, but anyhow I am doing it, and very nicely, (remember, girls?) thank you.

In truth Washington is a very interesting place wherein to be just now, and since there are no English papers to monopolize my evenings and no test questions to prepare for the morrows, my days and nights are wholly carefree and irresponsible. Indeed, if any of you are seeking royal roads to maintenance come with me to the clerkships in Washington, and together we'll see the high lights and glaring dazzles—suffragette cremations, *et cetera*.

"MISS POLLY."

Mr. Ames Brown, of the first graduating class, in answer to a request from the editors, sends us the following letter:

To the Boys and Girls of Greenville High School:

Nellie Pender, my sister, Lee Moye Brown, and I graduated from the Greenville Graded School in 1906. I suppose that the present class of high school students may have some interest in the first class to graduate from the Greenville High School, so, in response to the request of the editors of the Annual, I will refer briefly to the history of that class.

The Greenville High School started under Professor Dove in 1903. Before that year the boys and girls we knew had gone to school at the "free school" out in Forbestown, and the private schools conducted by Miss Annie Perkins and Professor Ragsdale. The beginning of the graded school—it was not then a high

school—was regarded as a very important advancement of the educational system of Pitt County. It was achieved largely through the public spirited effort of Governor Jarvis and Professor Ragsdale, both of whom had a great deal to do a little later with the establishment of the splendid Teachers' Training School at Greenville. The graded school building was not ready for occupancy at the beginning of the school year, and for several weeks we used the old courthouse. Miss Iola Exum, of Snow Hill, was given charge of the most advanced pupils, who were classified in the eighth grade. It was quite a large class in that first year. Some of those whom it included, besides the three who later graduated, were Frank Skinner, Abbie Smith, Thurman Moore, and Burney Warren. Miss Iola Exum was a very charming lady, who found it easy to preserve good discipline and good standards of scholarship in her classes. There were a number of innovations connected with discipline and grading. Some caused objections, particularly when parents were denied the right to keep their children away from school when they pleased to do so. If a pupil were absent without adequate excuse, he was compelled to stay home for a fixed period. The next year, the class, somewhat smaller, was taught by Miss Cynthia Neal, a beautiful young woman of South Carolina, who was much sought after socially. The final and closing year, when the first graduation exercises were held, we were taught by Miss Eula Cox and Prof. H. B. Smith, who had succeeded Professor Dove as Principal. It was a matter of gratification to the school authorities that the standards were high enough to be recognized by the colleges of the State, and graduates could be admitted to college without entrance examination. The graduation exercises were held in the Masonic Temple Opera House, which was later destroyed by fire. Nellie Pender, looking very sweet and pretty, read an essay on "The Old Field School House." My sister, Lee Moye, read a paper on a literary subject, and I read one on "Chivalry in the Twentieth Century."

The next letter is from a little French lady who, like all the rest, insists on thinking we are all "Yanks." But then we'll forgive this mistake and assure her that we American boys and girls have the same good feeling for our French brothers and sisters that this letter shows for us.

A vous tous, frères et sœurs d'Amérique:

Ces lignes qui vous sont dédiées partent du cœur d'une Française. Je suis heureuse de pouvoir vous les envoyer et je remercie un de vos camarades de m'en avoir suggéré l'idée. A l'heure où je vous écris vous êtes peut-être penchés sur quelque livre d'étude on peut-être, encore, vous livrez-vous aux plaisirs délicieux d'un brin de conversation avec votre jolie voisine de classe.

Voila, du moins, ce que j'imagine. Votre amie de France ne fait rien de tout cela en ce moment. Elle pense à vous et "caresse" un rêve charmant: je voudrais, mes amis, je voudrais pouvoir vivre avec vous quelques-unes de ces heures exquises qui m'ont été conteés par un Yankee (permettez-moi de taire son nom) . . . un élève, lui aussi, de cette école si chère ou vous passez d'heureux moments. Mon rêve n'est que trop chimerque, vous me comprenez . . . Mais puissent ces mots traduire mon affection, *qui est en même temps celle de* toutes *vos sœurs françaises.*

Puissiez vous tous me croire,

Votre petite compagne dévouée

J. V.

To all of you, brothers and sisters of America:

These lines which are dedicated to you are the hearty message of a French girl. I am happy to be able to send them to you and I thank one of your comrades for having suggested the idea to me. Now, while I am writing to you, you are leaning over some book or perhaps, guessing again, you abandon yourself to the delicious pleasure of a bit of conversation with the pretty girl sitting near you.

That is, at least, what I imagine. Your friend from France is doing nothing of all that at this moment—she is thinking of you and "nursing" a charming dream: I should, my friends, I should like to be able to spend with you a few of those exquisite hours which have been described to me by a Yankee (permit me to withhold his name) . . . a pupil also in that school where you pass such happy moments together. My dream is only chimerical, you understand, but may these words translate my affection, which is at the same time that of all your French sisters.

May you all believe me

Your devoted little companion,

JANETTE V.

Mother Goose and Her Children

Scenes from the Senior Play

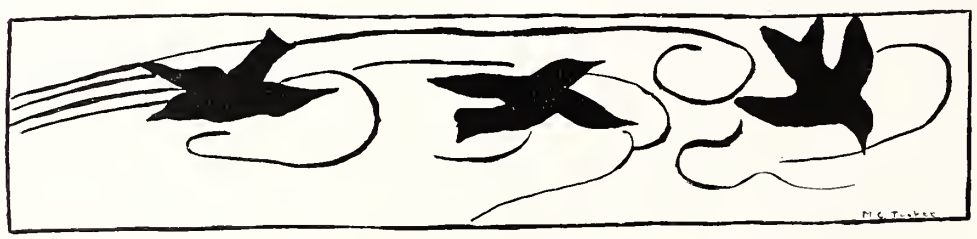
A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

We are all proud of our High School, and we wish you to know exactly how it stands in comparison with other schools and thus to learn its value. In the very first place, Greenville High School is one of the few accredited high schools in the State. The advantage of this is that every reputable Southern college receives our graduates without examination, demanding no credentials other than a diploma from G. H. S. Needless to say, this recognition, valuable as it is, has not come without a great deal of work, and Greenville is to be congratulated upon having always had teachers who were willing to sacrifice themselves toward that end.

Then, there are several departments, not absolutely required in an accredited school, which we have recently added. Among these is a remarkable music department. Besides a corps of excellent teachers of the piano, we have a teacher of voice, under whose direction the Glee Club has become unusually strong for a school the size of ours. As another feature, we have a well equipped science laboratory, under the supervision of a special teacher; of course, the science department has room to grow, and we are proud to say that it is doing so all the time. The extensive course in domestic science has been a very successful innovation, too. In this work, the girls are taught the most practical methods of accomplishing an important business, that of home-making. Then, we must not forget that the library of Greenville High School is also a growing institution. From the merest nucleus three years ago, we have progressed to a collection of over nine hundred volumes, and, while we have the usual books of fiction, history, reference, and philosophy, we also have magazine stands stocked with the current numbers of our leading modern periodicals.

As to the shortcomings of our school, they are few. It is true that we have not realized our whole ambition in athletics, but this we plan to do at no very late date. In the meantime, we take pride in our swimming pool, and glory in our prowess on the basketball courts. Altho match games have not been possible during a great part of the year, whenever and wherever Greenville has played, it has played well and fairly, thinking by successes secured to gain the needed support. Two other of our lacks will be supplied when we institute the courses in Spanish and commercial training.

And so you see what Greenville High School has done in a few years. Make it possible for us to do more.



EMILY MOYE

Best cook

She who has learned the way to a man's heart

HOGAN GASKINS

Most popular

I awoke one morning and found myself famous

ELIZABETH WHITE

Prettiest

Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!

VIRGINIA ARTHUR

Most attractive

Thou hast a charm to stay the morning star in his steep course

EDWARD HARRIS

Most dignified

With grave aspect he rose and, rising, raised a pillar of state

LINDA WARREN

Best "all round"

The heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, the hand to execute

MARY
BROOKS

Biggest
talker

Oh! what volleys
of eternal
babble!

WILLIAM
TYSON

Handsomest

A pleasing
countenance
is no slight
advantage

RUTH
ANDREWS

Best
dancer

On with the
dance!
Let joy be
unconfined

LILLIAN
HOOKER

Biggest
flirt

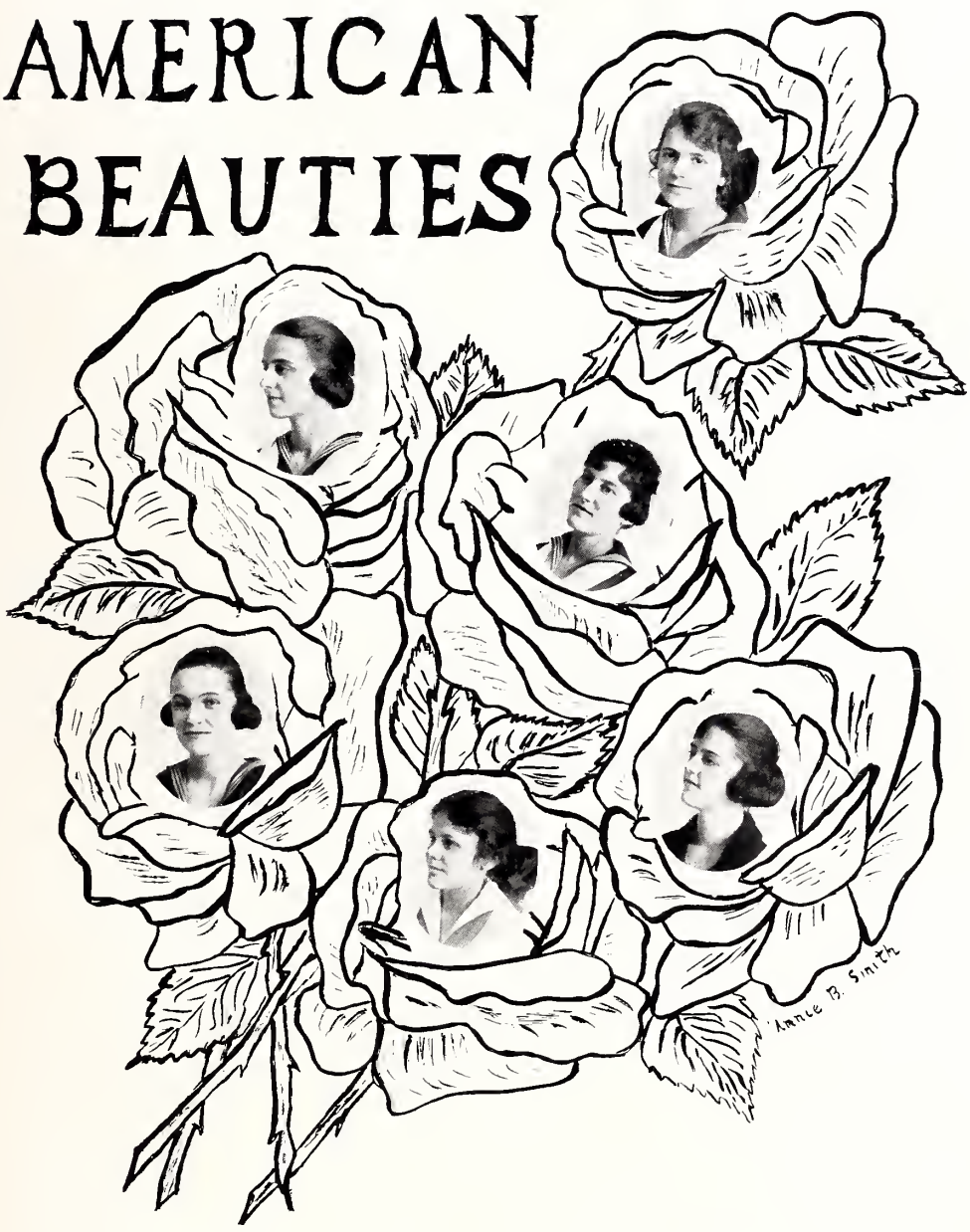
Ye belles and
ye flirts
and ye pert
little things
that trip in the
frolicsome
round

LEE
KING

Most
studious

Life is not
made up of
pleasure and
song (?)

AMERICAN BEAUTIES



WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

There was an undercurrent of extreme excitement aboard ship. The deck was lined with khaki clad boys whose faces were transfigured with the happiness that was soon to come to them. Thousands of hearts beneath those uniforms were beating wildly, exultantly, for within an hour they would be steaming into old New York. There was one figure that stood out apart from his chums and companions, one who seemed to be different from the rest.

To Jack Lattimer this coming back into the welcoming arms of his mother country was a sacred thing. He did not care to share it with the others, somehow they would not understand. They could not know what it meant to him. He could not describe it himself, the emotions that surged within his heart. This was home! This was what he had been dreaming of for the last twelve months of fighting, hard and ruthless, stern and terrible. He had dreamed it as he walked sentry in the long night watches in damp, cold trenches; he had seen it in the flames of many a camp fire; he had tramped it out as he marched, brave and valiant, into the fight or, worn and weary, he had slowly stumbled out again. Now his dreams were almost becoming realities, almost but not quite.

For in the dreams of every soldier there is a woman, and Jack's dreams were no exception to the rule. He had pictured a dainty, pretty little person who carried underneath her femininity a heart of gold. He could even see her as she waited for him in the doorway, arms outstretched in welcome; he could see the tints of gold that played in the curly hair, the sparkle in her eye that lighted up her very soul, the smile on her rose red lips as she waited to be kissed. All that was a dream he knew, but a dream he longed to make awaken into a joyous reality.

He would start as he realized as always, his dream girl had the eyes, the hair, the lips of the little girl across the street in the days of his childhood, the girl he had grown up with, had chummed with through high school and college, the one girl whom he had always told of his ambitions, of his successes, even of his failures, because somehow she understood.

Why had he left without telling her of his love for her? How was she to know that she was his dream throughout the war? All through the months in training camp he had written her of his work, had received bright, chummy, inspiring letters from her, but never had there been a word of love between them. When he received his commission it had been the natural thing for him to write her first of all, but he did not then, even, realize that it was anything more than because they had been chums. It was only when he had his last precious days at home, days snatched from the routine of war, as a final farewell to his loved ones, before sailing into God only knew what, that it came to him in its full meaning just what Marcia meant to him.

He could not tell her then. What if he never came back? What if he should come back without arms, without legs, without eyes, or mind? He couldn't ask

her to run the risk of taking half a man. He loved her too much for that. And so he went silently away. He left her with a jolly, bright farewell and a swift pressure of the fingertips that can say everything or nothing.

Now he was coming home! Would she be there to welcome him? So many changes could have taken place. Maybe she had found some fellow whom she loved better than she could ever love him, maybe already she had promised to take another's name,—what chance had he?

The weeks of demobilization were filled to the utmost for him. He had to see that his men were treated fairly, given a square deal. Not even his restlessness to reach home, his mother, father, and Marcia, could allow him to forget his duty, and, faithful captain that he was, every man in his company came to him in every trouble; and of course there were many, even with men so soon to go back to their homes again. There were transfers to be made, pay envelopes to be checked up, a hundred little things that were great things to the men.

Finally, though, a great day dawned. He was no longer Capt. J. D. Lattimer, but *Mr.* Lattimer, if you please, and with his discharge in his pocket, he started home. He had wired his mother the good news, and he knew there would be a crowd at the station, but he didn't mind that, even if he did hate to be made a fuss over. He was going *home!*

Jack was off the train before it even stopped, and by his mother's side. What a soldier he was! The boy who had gone into the world to fight his bit had become a man in the struggle. His six feet of staunch young manhood stood straight and firm; his gray eyes had a fire in them and a faraway look that can only come to a man who has seen Life, seen Death, seen Pain, seen War, as he had seen it. His chin had the bulldog determination of a man who has won out in a good fight, who has put the thing over in spite of obstacles. He was a son to be proud of, and his father, mother, his brother, and his sister were glad they could say, "He is ours."

The first welcoming was over, and still Jack had seen no sign of Marcia. He felt a certain misgiving. Surely she would come to give a welcoming hand to him, as her old friend returning, if nothing more. Where had she been when the other girls had stopped in to give him a welcome home? Her brothers and sisters had come in. Where was she then? Why should she avoid him? She, the girl of all others whom he wished to have welcome him.

Mother and Sister had gone to prepare dinner, and Dad had disappeared too. There was nobody left in the room but Tad, and suddenly he broke into his soldier brother's reveries.

"Well, Jack, old boy, it's a jolly welcome they are giving you—girls and all. I wish I had been old enough to go to war if that's the kind of thing that comes afterward. Say, though, do you know the funniest thing happened today. You remember Marcia Reynolds, don' cher? Well, you know, soon as we got yer telegram, 'course we had to let everybody know it, and so first place I went was

to the Reynolds—she used to be sweet on you, didn't she? Well, I wish you could have seen her when I told her about that telegram. She jumped like she'd been shot and looked sorter funny. Then in a minute she went out of the room, and do you know that girl was crying! Ain't gurls the limit? I would have thought she'd have been over here. She has been helping Mother and Dot fix Red Cross sox and roll bandages all the time that you've been gone—and now that you've come back she won't even speak to you—ain't gurls the funniest things?"

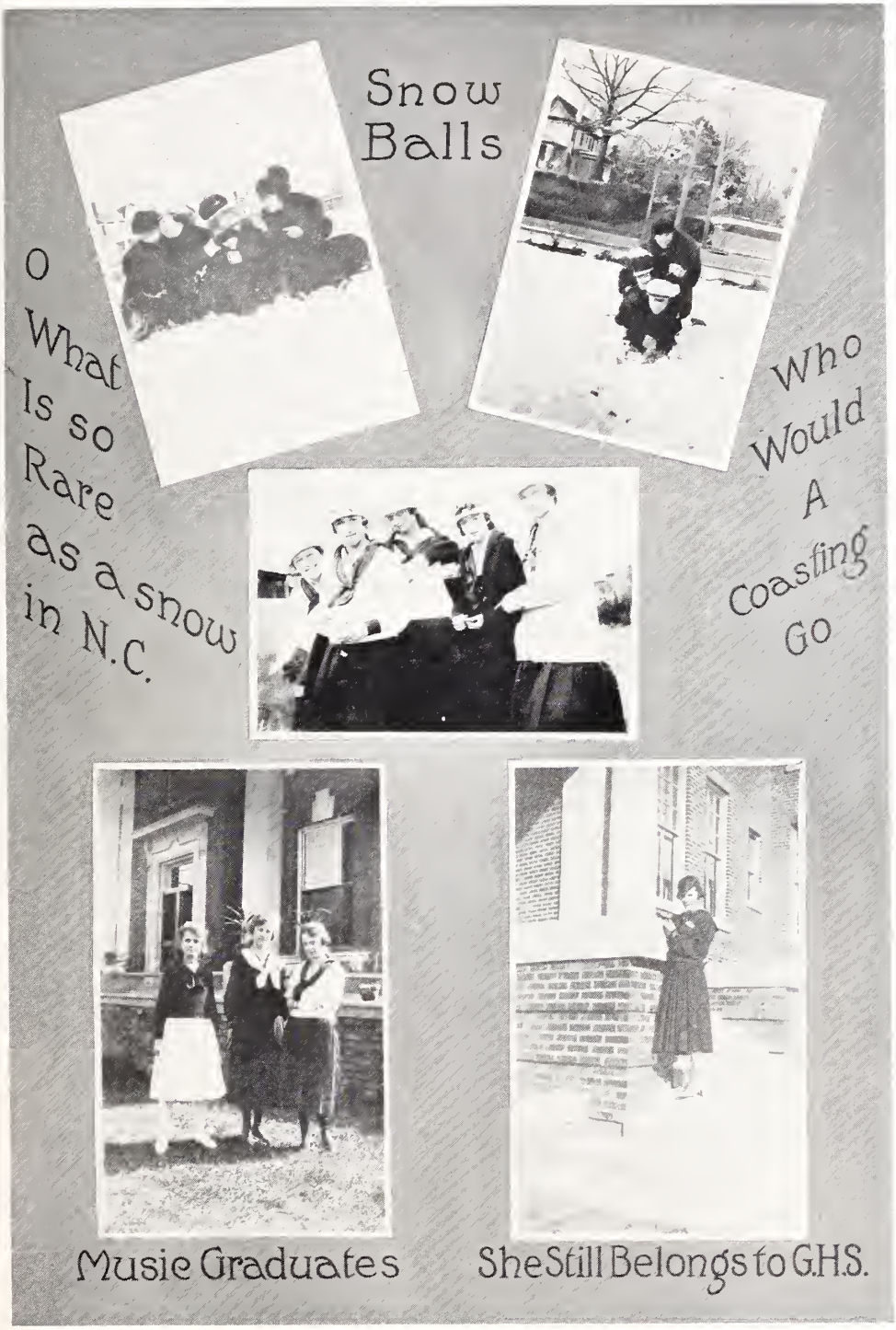
Before he had hardly finished, Jack was out of his chair.

"Tad, old scout, do you mean that? Run, boy, run as fast as your legs will carry you and tell Marcia if she wants me, I'm—I'm coming—now—to her."

With a wink Tad was off—he understood.

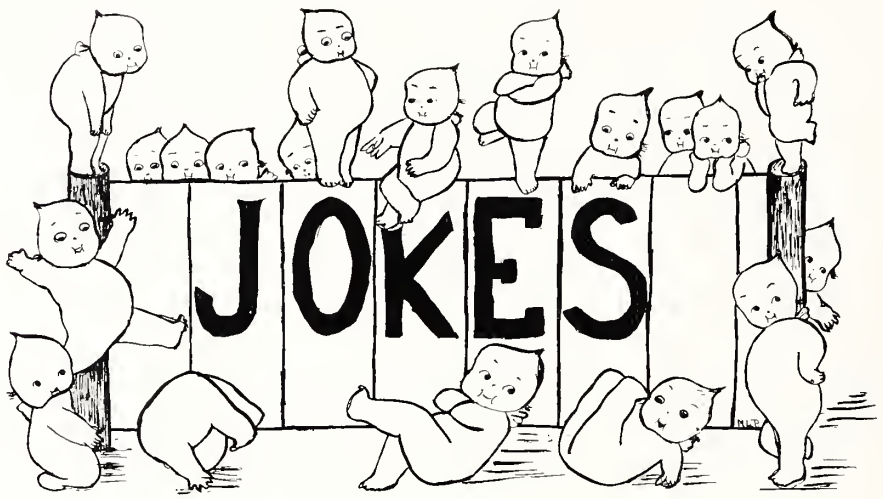
Nobody but Tad and Marcia will ever know what was said between them in the second that intervened before Jack followed him, but when the ex-captain of Uncle Sam's Army, forgetful of all military dignity, ran up the walk to the Reynolds home, Marcia stood in the doorway, arms outstretched in welcome. He could see the tints of gold that played in her curly hair, the sparkle in her eye that lighted her very soul, the smile on her rose-red lips as she waited to be kissed.

The Pedagogue Brigade
Faculty Row


Snow Balls
O What Is so Rare as a snow in N.C.
Who Would A Coasting Go
Music Graduates
She Still Belongs to G.H.S.

A Page of Good Sports

Some of Which We've Seen Before



Wanted—Meat for a heavy diet, Frog preferred. Josephine Skinner.

Lost—A Stem pipe with S. C., as a trade mark. Gladys Bagwell.

Wanted—An Overland truck to fill with Rice. Lillian Hooker.

Lost—The stones I used to carry in my mouth. Finder please return to Demosthenes, Jr. Dink James.

Discovered—A little dog I call White. Linda Warren.

Wanted—A job in the Greenville Drug Co. Ada James and Lillian Hooker.

Discovered—Hamlet, N. C. Nancy King, Explorer.

Wanted—A job in a musical comedy show. Aileen Critcher.

Spectator: Music is a great thing. What kind do you prefer?

J. Veazey: I think Carrolls are the sweetest music.

WANTED.

Someone to fight. M. L. L.

A chance to make a speech. Mr. Swanson.

Someone to love. Lee King.

A private class to read Vergil to. Edward Harris.

Something to ask a question about. Annie Bet Smith.

Something to talk about on History class. Gladys Bagwell.

A guaranteed cure for blushing. Helen Brown.

FOR SALE.

My knowledge of theme writing. Fannie Bet Brown.

Two board compasses, in good condition. Senior Class.

The two great celebrities of the Freshman class are Miss Blanche Davenport and Mr. Frank Patrick. Mr. Patrick kindly takes the place of the teacher during the Study periods when the teachers are absent. When a teacher needs help she can always call on Miss Davenport.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Now that the Flu is no longer raging, we fear a return of the four leaf clover epidemic.

Every pupil wishes to stand first in scholarship provided it can be done without work—otherwise, otherwise.

A girl is not without honor save in the mind of a boy who is "slighted on cooking days."

Her voice was ever soft and low—an excellent thing in woman. Mary Andrews.

The only trouble with G. H. S. is that too many Greenville people want what too many Greenville people don't want.

An empty vessel maketh the most sound—Frank Jolly.

It is reported that Edward Harris wore a hat yesterday, but the report has not yet been confirmed.

We are hoping that Helene will find the good time she seeks at her coordinate school.

Know what you know,—but see *not* what you see—the faculty.

Lie lightly on our ashes, gentle Earth—Senior class.

Who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a Freshman—teach him.

Who knows not and thinks that he knows is a Soph—shun him.

Who knows but knows not that he knows is a Junior—pity him.

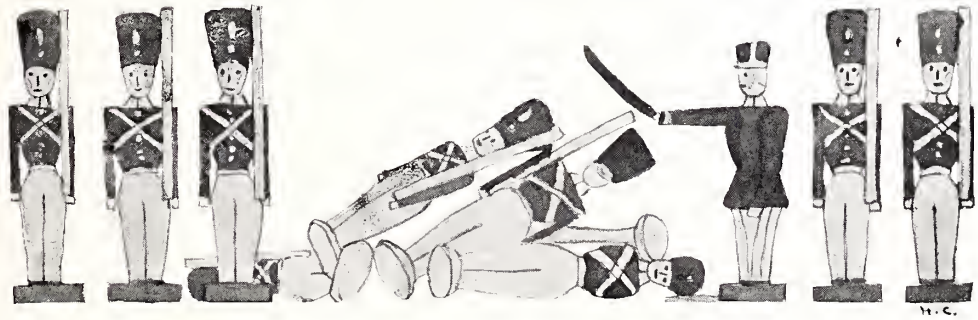
Who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—follow him.

We will admit, Annie Bet, that Andrew Jackson is a *Frenchy name*, but to say that Andrew was a French aviator is carrying it too far!

Mr. Richard Williams is the acknowledged strong man of the Freshman class. He pulls up desks when they are screwed down, and he might consent to pull stumps if any one needs him.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
When "Woody" said turn up the clock,
Some of us said,
"We'll just stay in bed."
Dickery, dickery, dock.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
At nine the door did lock;
The teacher said,
"You stayed in bed,
Now stay *here* 'til five o'clock."



HOTS

?
"De Heabenly Choir."
Originator of the "McMurry Intellectual Expression."
"Class in English, please!"
E. H.

TO THE COMING FRESHMEN

"Those about to die salute thee!"

A very admirable custom has been instituted by people retiring from public positions—the custom of writing, or delivering, a farewell message. In terms of tenderest sympathy they couch this message, and graciously give it to those whom they are leaving forever. The Class of '19 wishes to follow this precedent in its message to the classes of '23 and '24.

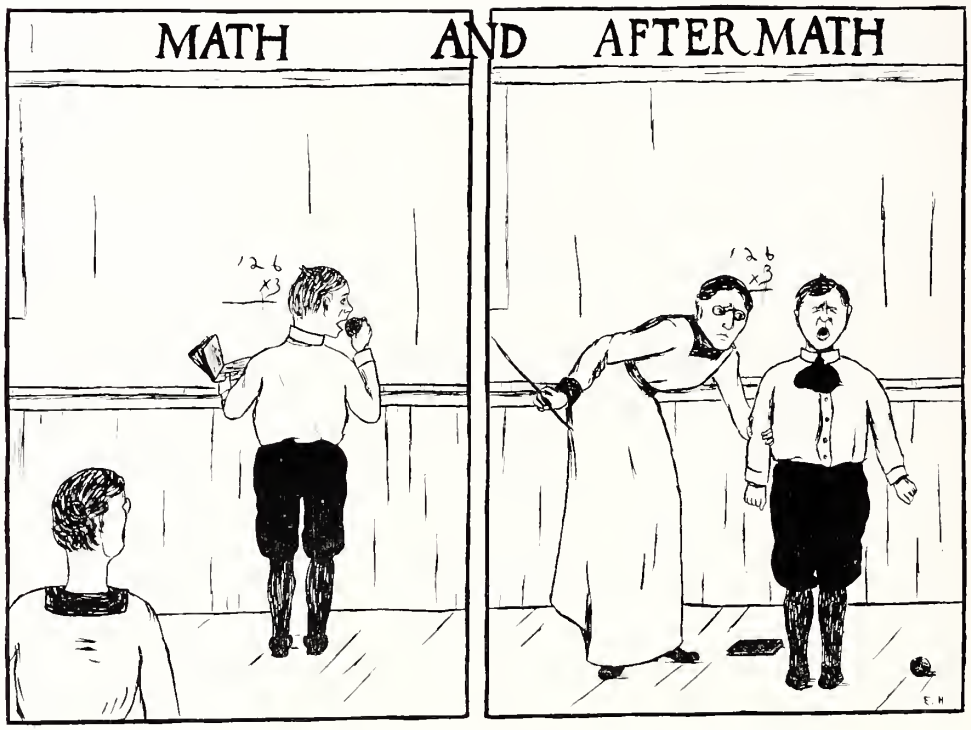
In the first place, dear innocents, comes a solemn warning. Be it known that, in the dark, mysterious region known as High School, dwell two monsters. The valiant class of '19 has suffered untold agonies from both these merciless beasts —necessarily so, since "he who would avoid Scylla, dies by Charybdis"; many of our number have perished. With a sincere desire for your well-being, then, we disclose the awful mystery. For the name of the first monster is Latin, and that of the second, Physics. It is necessary for you to have, at one period of your future life, a year of Latin or a year of Physics. So, from the depths of our experience, we advise you to choose—one or the other.

Another peril, camouflaged as a staircase, is found in the hall. A certain destruction awaits that class which ascends the stair in the usual, logical, time-honored manner of taking two steps at a time. Just so sure as a reckless class does dare to use such a method, there will descend upon its head all "the wrath of relentless Juno" (in other words, of Mr. Swanson). 'Tis sad 'tis, but 'tis true. To Mr. Veasey, only, belongs the exquisite pleasure of skipping every second step; anyone encroaching upon the rights of this popular teacher must be severely dealt with. Hence the necessity of strenuous treatment. In this case, the best advice of the Seniors to the Freshmen-to-be is, simply, to be so good that you will become angels, grow wings, and thus obviate the need for a staircase. Such has been our method. On all sides may be found proof that the Class of '19 makes less noise coming up the steps than any other class in school. And it's all because we are such angels!

A third most dreadful snare is found in those innocent looking little panes of glass, placed near the top of each classroom door. At first glance, these little panes seem harmless enough; indeed, they look quite ornamental. Such is really the truth, as long as a class remains upstairs, from a very obvious reason. But woe to the downstairs class that disregards the dread import, for many are the terrible consequences of the winking, blinking little glasses. The first baneful result of the openings is seen two or three days after a new class enters the room. Some little Jane at the back of the room is sure to wave at some little John out in the hall, and even surer is some little Latin, French, History, Math, English or Science teacher to see the little Jane. Alas! Destruction is swift and certain. But the best advice of the Seniors in this case is—be very careful *when* you wave! The second Peril of the Painful Panes is seen at the end of the first week. During

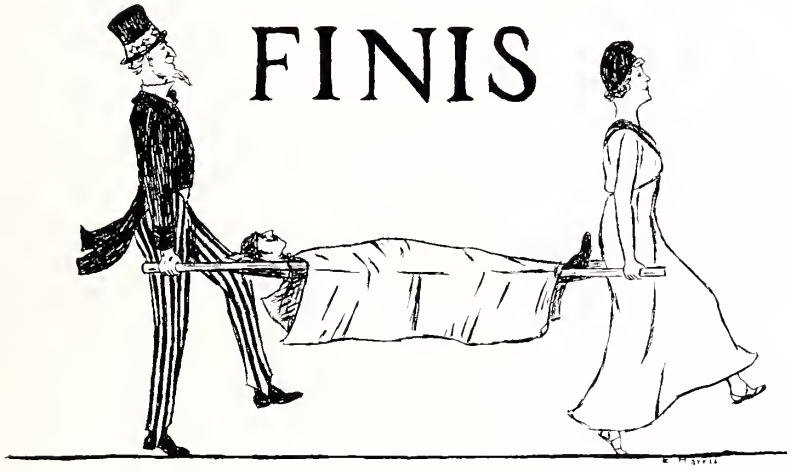
a quiet study period, while Sallie is dancing with Lou, Jack and Sam are reproducing the battle of the Marne (with chalk and erasers), Francis, Mary, Helen, and Julia are demonstrating how the "Anvil Chorus" ought not to be sung, and the rest of you are laughing and talking, there will appear an apparition. Its face will be framed in one of the treacherous openings; it may have the guise of superintendent, principal, or teacher; in any form, it is awful enough. After everybody has discovered the apparition, except Sallie and Lou, who persist in going "on with the dance," the door opens. We draw a merciful curtain on what follows. Well, the Seniors have found two possible remedies for this evil. One is to devise an elaborate signal system, in which a trusted door guard figures prominently. (Note: Apply to V. Arthur for details.) The other method is to put a shade over the door. So far, we have not been able to use this method frequently, as we have never raised enough money to get a suitable shade.

Other snares there be and many, but here endeth our counsel. Avoid these hidden pits and you will be sure to have as good time in High School as we had. Here's hoping!



WHICH GOES TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF THE ABOVE ARTICLE

FINIS



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A. K. HATEM, *Manager*

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Z. V. MURPHRE, *Manager*

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BUT LADIES' SHAMPOOING IS OUR SPECIALTY

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